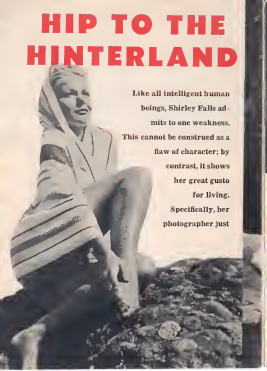


HIP TO THE HINTERLAND



Like all intelligent human beings, Shirley Falls admits to one weakness. This cannot be construed as a flaw of character; by contrast, it shows her great gusto for living. Specifically, her photographer just





HIP TO THE HINTERLAND

can't get her indoors for pictures. She insists on beaches and woods for backgrounds. "There's only one beauty spot for me," she maintains, "and that's woodland beauty." We heartily endorse this sentiment. In fact, if the scenic delights of nature are going to include Shirley Falls, we're packing right now for a photographic safari.



Marriage May Wrong

It's no crime not to get married even though

THE BOY DIDN'T WANT TO GET MARRIED but the girl was beginning to prod him. "It's my family," she said miserably. "You know how they are." He knew how they were, all right. They didn't want her wasting her time with someone whose intentions weren't serious.

The thing was that he really liked her. She was pretty and full of zip and no prude. Okay, so there were times when he felt tired of her, times when her constant chattering got on his nerves. Wasn't it like that with a lot of married couples? And suppose he were to break it off with her? Then what? Then he would have to go through that long, frustrating business of lining up another girl. Besides, most of his friends were married, and, still being single, he was beginning to feel sort of out of things.

So, they were married and a year later had a child. And a year after that they were divorced, because her constant chattering had gotten on his nerves and he had begun to snap back at her. This had brought on tears, followed by his sulky apologies. There were periods during which all was almost hysterically rosy. But soon the cycle would come complete again and they would once more be picking and jabbing at each other. Finally, lacking even that remnant of affection that would permit them to part friends, they angrily decided to go their separate ways. Then the boy realized he never should

Be For You

many seem to think so.

have gotten married in the first place.

The foregoing is not an unusual case. Variations of it occur every day. More than one eligible young male has succumbed to social and personal pressures and gotten married against his better judgement, only to regret it later. In general, what these pressures bring about is a fear of going against the crowd, a reluctance to be different. Everyone gets married, goes the popular assumption. Anyone who doesn't must be some sort of misfit.

Despite the overwhelming acceptance of this concept, there are any number of young men who should not get married—at least not as early as they do. If a male is in his late teens or early twenties and is still going around with his first girl, he very probably should not marry her. How can one make a thoughtful judgement without some basis for comparison? If, after knowing several girls, the first one still pleases him most, still occupies his thoughts,



MARRIAGE . . .

then marriage becomes a more reasonable and logical step for the young man to consider taking.

Marriage should also be temporarily deferred by those who are not ready to settle down. There is nothing wrong in changing jobs, even a number of times, in an effort to find the right one. Similarly, there is nothing wrong in changing the city in which one lives, for the same reason. In most cases, however, the man who is still making those changes is too unsettled to take on the responsibility of marriage. Should he get married, he might liken it to being "tied down." That man has a far better chance of making his marriage a success by waiting until his feet are a bit more firmly fixed to the ground.

Another man who is not ready for marriage is he who has not learned to live apart from his family. He feels the way his family has always done things must be the right way. His mother is not a human being, but some sort of all-knowing goddess. This man's ideal of family life must be such that no woman could possibly make the sort of home he requires. He demands a duplicate of the one in which he was brought up. This man had better wait until he can see himself adjusting to some extent to another's needs, rather than insisting that his mate adjust completely to his own.

Other examples come readily to mind. In general, they embrace those men who are not yet ready for marriage, but fear the consequences if they postpone too long. Their families and friends, they fear, will think something is wrong with them. Their uneasiness at finding themselves outside the crowd will put similar fears in their own minds. These unfortunate thoughts can be put aside through an honest appraisal of one's self. If such an examination persuades one he is not ready for marriage, he should definitely postpone it. The marriage he enters into later, when the time is right, will turn out to be a healthier one as a result.

We're Tickled Pink...



...that Jan Harrison, whose first *Tempo* appearance was in our June 26th issue, is about to make it big! Seems Bob Cummings spotted Jan's *Tempo* picture and now has her working in his TV series. Columbia Pictures and 20th Century-Fox liked what they saw, too, and both gave her screen tests. Good luck, Jan. You're on your way now.



Browns' fullback Harry Jagade slogs ahead for 14 yards against the Detroit Lions. Jagade is a powerful runner in the tradition of Marion Motley and the Chicago Bears' immortal Bronco Nagurski.

Otto Graham (14) scores in the 1954 championship victory against Detroit, 56-10. Supposedly his last game after 9 years of play, Otto passed for three touchdowns and scored three more rushing.



How Far Can They Go WITHOUT OTTO?



The day when a football player could get by on brown alone is obviously over. Here, Cleveland players do their class work.

KNUTE ROCKNE, POP WARNER AND GEORGE HALAS notwithstanding, the most successful coach in football history is very probably Paul Brown of the professional Cleveland Browns. A nationally known figure when he turned out powerhouse teams for Massillon High School in Ohio, Brown moved by logical succession to Ohio State University and then on to the more challenging field of professional football. Here, said football's upper domes, he'd finally come a cropper—but they were wrong. Insisting he be given a free hand on the field and in signing

TEMPO

15¢

OCTOBER 30, 1954

MARRIAGE
MAY BE
WRONG
FOR
YOU

Dana Arden



. . . WITHOUT OTTO?

up players, Brown operated in Cleveland's Municipal Stadium with the same tight, taut efficiency he had displayed on the Ohio State and Massillon campuses—and with comparable results.

Yet, even in those early days, when his Browns were running roughshod over the All-American Conference, opposing teams claimed to have found Brown's Achilles Heel. "When Brown loses Otto, he's through," they prophesied. "Otto's the boy that gives that team go." This could only mean, of course, Otto Graham, Coach Brown's great quarterback.

Graham was the key man when Brown first put his Cleveland team together. An All-American at Northwestern, Otto had that combination of qualities that fitted in perfectly with Brown's plans. Personable, a natural leader, a great passer and a deft man for T-formation

Even Graham's passes will sometimes backfire. Here, Detroit's Jack Christiansen intercepts one intended for end Dante Lovelli.



handoffs, he formed with his coach a duo unique in football history.

Brown calls all his team's offensive plays from the bench. He does this through a constant shuffling of his guards, a new one coming in before each play with instructions from the coach. As the man ostensibly running the team on the field, Otto was really an extension of the Brown personality and football know-how. It would be a mistake to think of him as simply carrying out Brown's orders. In a very real sense, they worked together, their contact being the ever-shuttling guards. It was these two who ran the Cleveland juggernaut with its incredibly varied attack.

The principal elements were a line-cracking full-back (first the great Marion Motley, then Percy Bassett and most recently

Brown talks things over with quarterbacks Graham and Rotterman. Graham will be gone this year, but Rotterman will team with Babe Parilli.



The Browns whoop it up (above) in the dressing room after fourth straight Conference Championship (1949). Paul Brown is up on Ed Jones' back.





Dub Jones (40) rips off yardage against the Washington Redskins. One of the older Browns, Jones is one reason they've done so well.

Not the relaxed type, Paul Brown (below) paces the sidelines during a game. He never feels a victory is "in" until the final gun.



. . . WITHOUT OTTO?

Harry Jagade), a pair of whippet-like ends (Mac Speedie and Dante Lavelli), a sure-thing field goal kicker (Lou "The Toe" Groza), and, of course, Otto Graham to throw those sharp passes and keep the team hustling.

When the All-American Conference disbanded, Brown took his team into the National Football League. With Graham at the helm, the Browns have rolled through the NFL just as powerfully as they had through the Conference. They have made the play-offs every year, compiling a more impressive won-and-lost percentage than any opponent.

Last year, however, the club seemed to be headed for a fall. Otto had retired and the Browns started off as though they would never win one. They floundered, they fumbled, they lost games they had been expected to win by three touchdowns. Out went an urgent call for assistance and back came Otto to lead the team to still another play-off berth and a trouncing of the Detroit Lions for the big championship.

This year, however, Otto has made it plain that he can't be persuaded to come out of retirement again. His many business activities won't permit it. Splitting the quarter-backing chores for the Browns will be the veteran George Ratterman and the former All-American Babe Parilli. With them will be line-busting Jagade, the great defensive end Len Ford, Lou Groza and others from the championship teams. But the big question continues to be — how badly will Cleveland miss Otto Graham? If Brown makes it without him, his claim to greatness will be complete. If not, he'll have to descend to a level with Buddy Parker, Jim Lee Howell and the rest of the big-time coaches who are mere mortals.



SPOTLIGHT ON



Chatty Charmer Brigitte Bardot (above) talks with her co-stars Louis Jourdan, Jean-Francois Calvé, director Pierre Gaspard-Huet after completing recent film in La France.

Perf Personages Gina Lollobrigida (l.) and her stand-in, Caroline Huët, exchange latest tidbits during shooting of new French motion picture, *Notre Dame de Paris*.

Chic Chewer at a big Hollywood party is Shelley Winters (r.), who manages a broad smile while munching contentedly on a succulent hors d'oeuvre before fun commences.

Passionate Pair in recent rehearsal of *The Lovers*, (below) were Hungarian beauty Eva Bartok (as Therese Raquin) and Sam Wanamaker, playing the lucky Monsieur Laurant.

PEOPLE



IT'S TOUGHER

THIS?



The race to a crossing with a railroad train was lost by a teen-age driver. The Road-o-o (above, r.) is helping to cut down this kind of madness.

THAN "CHICKEN"



THE YOUNG MAN AT THE WHEEL SWORE silently and pressed his right foot down to the floor. The souped-up Ford with the Merc engine careened toward the truck head on. At the last minute it seemed there would be time—and then the crash came. The young driver was crushed behind the wheel, trying to prove to his gang that he wasn't "Chicken". This was just one of many such fatalities that are chalked up from coast to coast.

In stark contrast to this unnecessary drive that ended in death, a large group of teen-age drivers all over the country are discovering the Road-e-o. This is a special contest which is held each year on a nation-wide scale. The winner is crowned Driving Champion—and he really has to work



A 17-year-old was teaching one of his gang how to pass on the right when a truck interrupted; the lesson ended in death.

...TOUGHER THAN CHICKEN

for the title. The Road-e-o developed out of a safe driving program which was sponsored by the Junior Chamber of Commerce. Its purpose: To help cut down the number of teen-age drivers who are involved in fatal auto accidents. Last year the National Safety Council put the figure at something over 2000. It's no wonder that the insurance companies are taking an active part in helping to support the teen-age Road-e-o.

Each year, local areas invite teen-agers to compete in special safe driving tests. The winners are then sent to Washington, D.C., to compete in the National Finals.

This year fifty young men and women who had beaten out more than 300,000 of their friends in local competition came to the Capital for the big one. And it was a rugged series of tests. First there was a 100-question written exam. Then a physical exam to test reaction time, depth perception and stability. Then, the most exacting test of all—the driving skill competition. Tennis balls were put on tees less than a foot apart. The drivers had to slip the left wheels of their cars through them. Toughest test involved parking. It's considered bad form to turn the wheel

1. Driving-skill test is the toughest to pass. Judges are extremely hard to please.

2. Reaction time and knowledge of driving procedures are tested by this special device.

3. Teen-age girl entrant tries her luck with the "tennis ball" test. Looks like she passed.

4. The three top finishers get together, collect trophies and winning scholarships.

when the car is not in motion—and the judges made certain that the course included plenty of tricky turns. The drivers were required to maneuver in-to and out of a garage with a sharp curve in the driveway. "You've got to get her in perfectly, or you have trouble driving out," said one judge.

This year's winner, Chris Bayley of Seattle, brought home a college scholarship as his prize.

Anyone can put his foot down to the floor. But the Road-o-o takes skill and results in producing many better drivers.





Rossellini took Joan Collins' word that she could play non-sexy roles, cast her as a nun in "The Sea Wyl."



HOLLYWOOD

TEMPO

Otto Preminger's all-encompassing talent hunt for a girl to play Shaw's Saint Joan has already turned up its share of oddities. Despite the 16-22 age limit, one 29-year-old applied, saying she looked younger due to a vegetarian diet. Another maintained that she was Saint Joan and had received a suit of gold armor from the original . . . Warner Bros. execs excited about the exploitation possibilities of a Gilbert-Garbo or Farrell-Gaynor romance duo in *The Girl He Left Behind*. It stars Ari Gellien and Natasha Gurdin, better known as Tab Hunter and Natalie Wood . . . At a big Hollywood party, a beautiful actress was in the process of making a fool of herself. Quipped movie gag-writer Julie Epstein, "Someone should tell her not to drink on an empty head." . . . Film moguls are definitely on a biographical binge this season, having 40 of them slated already. Among the features will be Red Nichols, Helen Morgan, Jean Harlow, Jimmy Walker, Lon Chaney, Franz Liszt, Buster Keaton and Joe E. Lewis . . . With Selective Service' apparently the hound dog that Elvis Presley has been moaning about, why not a sequel entitled 1-A Blues? In the same vein, one critic has already suggested he record an album called *Music to Steal Hubcaps By* . . . Let's-Watch-the-Meteorites Dept.: Hottest thing on the Hollywood scene in the next year will be Anthony Perkins, soon to be seen in *Joey* and *Tin Star*. Besides these, he's already done *The Jim Piersall Story* and *The Lonely Man*, will co-star with Sophia Loren in *Desire Under the Elms* next season . . . Top advertising goof of the year was 20th Century-Fox's copy on Don Murray in *Bus Stop*, billing him as "Hollywood's newest bunk of man." Most



of the ads were recalled in time . . . Pretty Pier Angeli (L.) appears pensive during party. Perhaps she's mulling over successes to follow *Somebody Up There Likes Me* Lisa Montell (L.) has reason to be perky. After her emoting in *Road to Burma* and *Jump Into Hell*, the future looks even brighter . . . The late Thomas Mann's last book *Confessions of Felix Krull, Confidence Man*, is being readied for the cameras. Considered one of the hottest—and least typical books by the German literary master, it should be more than ideal for script-starved Hollywood . . . Seems like just yesterday that Anna Maria Alberghetti was a scrawny teen-ager in *The Medium*. Yet here she is as a sexy siren in the upcoming farce, *Ten Thousand Bedrooms*...





SHE POSES A PROBLEM

AFTER POSING for the pictures on these pages, Dane Arden said, "If there's a nutter business than being a model, someone ought to tell me about it. Here they wanted me to look all tanned and disheveled and it took longer to do than if I'd had to get myself all dressed up for a fancy costume ball."

Dane's good-humored complaint points up one of

SHE POSES...

the most interesting facets of the modeling profession: That sultry, sinuous siren undulating across your magazine's glossy pages is more often than not some shy little thing whose mother watches her like a hawk, while the miss who specializes in innocent little-girl poses is usually as sophisticated as they come.

As for Dane Arden, she has a natural flair for clothes and the smart, smooth appearance to show them to best advantage. Nevertheless, ninety percent of her modeling assignments require her to look casual and windblown.

"I haven't given up though," Dane smiles becomingly. "I'll still get to pose in an evening gown some day."





Rocco employs his famous flying kick against Hans Schmidt. The Argentinian is a remarkable gymnast as well as graduate engineer.

HERMAN HICKMAN PUT IN A NUMBER OF YEARS on the wrestling circuit before he became football coach at Yale. Writing about it later, Hickman claimed that he had never taken part in a match in which the outcome had not been agreed upon beforehand, nor had any of his contemporaries. Despite these and similar statements, there are those who still find it difficult to believe that wrestling is not "on the level." They contend that no one could possibly fake the falls, twists and smashes that are the nightly lot of the TV wrestler.

Well, the truth of the matter is that the fakery in most of the matches is obvious and is accepted by even the least cynical of spectators. As to those matches where everything seems to be legitimate, the apparent honesty is only a measure of the wrestlers' skill. A contest between two among that handful of genuine wrestlers — Thesez and Rocco, for instance — becomes a superb exhibition of dis-

They're Not



Two sides of Lou Thesz: Here, the champion is being bounced by Rocca (l.) and engages in some horseplay with Pat O'Connor (r.). Trained by old-time champion "Strangler" Lewis, Thesz is generally considered the finest all-around grappler in action today.

ciplined mayhem despite any previous arrangements concerning the result.

The decline of wrestling as a truly competitive sport is rooted in economics. In the days of Frank Gotch, Farmer Burns, George Hackenschmidt and Strangler Lewis, wrestling was an honorable sport, but no way for a man to get rich. Inevitably, the contestants would spend most of their time on the canvas working each other over with a variety of holds that could hardly be seen and certainly not appreciated by any large audience. Boxing's knockout and baseball's home run simply weren't there.

All Clowns

...Not All Clowns

It took Nick London, the Gorgeous Greek, to find it.

London developed a style whereby he flung his opponent about the ring and was himself flung in return. Instead of spending nine-tenths of each match sprawled on the canvas, he arranged to be in movement and visible to all members of the audience during as much of the match as possible. He also decided that the audience liked to see a man suffer and so he arranged to suffer—visibly. With London setting the pace, the new wrestlers bounced, flew, grimaced, howled in agony and beat their hands on the floor. Looking about for still other ways to be colorful, some claimed to be foreign noblemen and others appeared in mask and cloak.

As the money rolled in and the "sport" revived, still greater distortions of its original character became evident. Perhaps the extreme has been reached in the incredible act of Gorgeous George with his permanent wave, his valet, his brocade robe and his atomizer.

Nevertheless, and despite the restrictions placed on them, a handful of those wrestling today rank with the finest ever. Foremost among them are Verne Gagne, the acrobatic Antonino Rocca and the cat-like Lou Thesz. Powerful, agile and masters of all grips and holds, their skill is such that even a cynical viewer can recognize and appreciate their work. It's unfortunate that the public never sees them with their wraps off, but somehow the public prefers them to be clowns.





Nick Londas (above) puts an armlock on Bronco Nagurski. Most of today's color and exhibitionism stems from Londas and his wrestling "revolution."



Here Schmidt catches it again (above), this time from Verne Gagne. A confirmed "villain," Schmidt usually gets paid.

Gorgeous George under the hair dryer. Even the imaginative Londas probably never thought that things would go as far as this.



wrestling today
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cynical viewer
It's unfortunate
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clowns.

TEMPO

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Editor-in-Chief: Bruce Elliott

Editor: Robert Markel

Feature Writers: Jack Anderson, Fred Blumenthal, Eugene Feehan, Waller Kaylin

Copy Editor: Henry S. Gordon

Art Director: Barbara Devaney *Asst.:* Barbara Renz

Circulation Manager: Richard Shapiro

Editorial Administrator: Estelle K. Slivay



COMING

ATTRACTIONS

THE MOVIE MAKERS ARE STILL EXPERIMENTING with their wide, wide screen and where better to do it than in the great outdoors? Accordingly, a number of the larger pictures set for this Fall are outdoor dramas—man against the elements, man against man (for the love of a good woman—what else?). Aside from their scenic beauty, the upcoming films will also be notable for bringing top-drawer stardom to new, but well-publicized screen personalities. One such is Anita Ekberg (l.) appearing with Robert Ryan and Rod Steiger in RKO's new film . . .

back from eternity

The statuesque Swede, fresh from her success in *War and Peace*, gets a real opportunity to act in this tale of death and desire in the Amazon. As a Las Vegas playgirl heading south on a one-way ticket, she is plunged into a romance with Ryan when their plane crashes in the jungle. The group is decimated by Jivaro headhunters, and it appears that none will ever get back to civilization. However, after some hair-raising heroics and a final display of violence, five are able to make it. Top acting honors go to Rod Steiger, as a murderous rebel who wields the group's only gun.

(cont'd)



COMING ATTRACTIONS



pillars of the sky

Lean-jawed Jeff Chandler heads a hard-riding troop of U. S. Cavalry in Universal-International's latest smoke-and-scalps epic, *Pillars of the Sky*.

A dangerous patrol by the Army into Indian territory precipitates a full-scale war. The Indians' first move is to take hostages. Olive Carey and Dorothy Malone, the wife of Army officer Keith Andes, are captured by the redmen. Then Chandler, in a daring raid, rescues the fair maidens and returns them to his cavalry unit. Aware that the Indians will probably counterattack immediately, the Company Commander orders the troops to move out smartly. The unit is offered refuge at the mission of a peace-loving preacher played by Ward Bond.

At this point, the entire Indian tribe swoops down on the cavalry, and the climactic battle ensues.



the solid gold cadillac

The universally-acclaimed queen of the zany blondes, Judy Holliday, is at it again in the long-awaited movie version of *The Solid Gold Cadillac*. Columbia Pictures has given her the opportunity of developing the characterization of Bille Dawn in *Born Yesterday* even further in this exploration of big business double-dealing.

Judy falls heir to ten shares of department store stock, and attends a stockholders' meeting. She senses that the board of directors is milking the company and enlists the aid of Paul Douglas, the retiring company president. The crooked officials hear about the maneuver and cleverly forestall her efforts to expose their trickery. In a hilarious windup, Judy takes her case to the stockholders — and wins herself a solid gold Cadillac!

A witty, good-natured satire, the pace is swift and the humor is tops.

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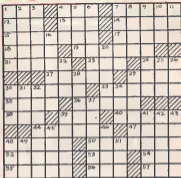
COMING ATTRACTIONS

the mountain

Spencer Tracy, who has led everything from Roger's Rangers to Boys' Town, sets out this time to conquer The Mountain in Paramount's promising adventure vehicle. The story features a surprisingly vivid and villainous role for young Robert Wagner.

The two men make a dangerous climb to the site of a plane crash, where Wagner plots to loot the victims. When Tracy finds a woman who is still breathing (Anna Kashfi), he resolves to bring her back alive at any cost. He and Wagner quarrel violently over this decision and Wagner tries to kill Anna. Tracy saves her, and hero and heroine make a successful descent.





By Rupert Butler

CROSSWORD

HORIZONTAL

1. matrix
4. constellation
7. Athenian lawgiver
12. land measure
13. Nila —
14. goddess of peace
15. concoited fop
17. moved at top speed
18. Persian poet
19. speechless
21. of the nose
23. denary
24. river in England
27. stanza
29. "Celeste Aida"
30. obstruct
32. sundry

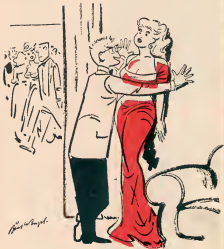
35. Abel's brother
36. adhesive mixture
38. county in Scotland
39. married
40. breaks
44. burial place of King Arthur
47. bite repeatedly
48. oil of rose petals
50. income
52. strongbox
53. epoch
54. Biblical king
55. experiments
56. offspring
57. Anglo-Indian weight

VERTICAL

1. city in Georgia
2. odor
3. Lone Star state
4. past
5. butto
6. boundaries
7. alarm
8. Algerian seaport
9. formal reproof
10. single unit
11. diminutive of Edward
16. cowardly
20. city in England
22. headed
25. title of respect
28. early Dutch cupboard

29. repulse
30. retaliate
30. river in Peru
31. spring month
32. marauders
34. possessive pronoun
37. worships
39. small tumors
41. spend these in British India
42. stop
43. affirm solemnly
45. enormous
46. historical "soldier"
48. perform
49. article
51. carting vehicle

The Case For



"That's my secret—I don't look like the dominant, rugged he-man type."

The Capering Coed



"Ohmigosh! She fell for his line!"

EMINENT EDUCATORS and other collegiate cognoscenti have long maintained that four years of higher learning will develop a girl's personal and social background to an unusual degree. Some observers have completed careful studies into the changes that are occurring in the coed world. First among these is a hare-brained professor of laughs named Eddie Davis who has just released a collection of comic anecdotes titled the *Campus Joke Book* (Ace, 25c). In it, some of the nation's harder-working cartoonists and gag writers give their slant on dormitory doings and miscellaneous mischief.



"All a sweater does for ME is make me scratch!"

Coed...

Take, for instance, the amazed reaction of the Englishman who was attending his first prom at an American college. He asked, "I say, what are they doing?" A nearby undergrad replied, "Dancing." Commented the visitor, "They get married, don't they?"

Professor Davis sees cultural cross-influences at work on all levels of the college scene. For example, there is the oft-varied tale of the breezy Chicago coed who was visiting at one of Boston's swankier sororities. The Back



"Of course I'd like to make some men happy—but not the way you mean!"

Bay beauties were trying to put her in her place. One of them burred, "Here in Boston, you know, family is the thing that counts. We are only interested in breeding." Quite calmly, the Midwestern lass replied, "Well, out in Chicago we think it's a lot of fun too, but we manage to have some outside interests."

The good professor winds up his dizzy disquisition with a few drollities on liquor as a social lubricant. Specifically, he notes that "a coed usually gives up drinking because she's afraid it might turn into would alcohol." Thus rests the case for the capering coed.

GANG WARFARE: VIOLENCE



Prohibition era carnage: Six Chicago beer-runners (above) machine-gunned in a St. Valentine's Day massacre by rival gang



Abe Telvi (l.), accused acid-thrower in Victor Riesel case, found shot through the head after alleged extortion attempt had failed.



FIRE
X2002

***FIRE ON
THE RAILS***

When[®] the fire train is on the tracks (1), its emergency function gives it the right of way over all other traffic. Under shooting tongues of flame (below), two of the volunteer firemen move in on the blaze to find its source and quench it before it can spread.



EVER WONDER WHO BATTLES the blaze when a freight car catches fire on a remote section of railroad track. There are usually no roads nearby to provide access for local fire trucks. And even if there were, it would be most unlikely to find water available, too. Consequently, the firemen have to ride the railroad to get to their job.

The New York Central employs 26 volunteer firemen on its special fire train. Working out of the railroad's Albany yards, through which passes some of the nation's heaviest railroad traffic, these men are on 24-hour call



While his fellow smoke-eaters make certain the fire is dead, a fireman injured in the battle (above) is carried off on a stretcher.

FIRE ON THE RAILS

when a blaze is declared within their jurisdiction.

When they are called to fight a fire, it's a 75-mile-an-hour race down the track to the burning facility in a special 3-car train always attached to an engine for emergency purposes. The train consists of two tank and pumping cars and one equipment and personnel car. The cost and possibility of danger is so great in railroad fires that all equipment must be the very latest and most effective. The Central's fire train can pour water or chemical foam on a blaze for hours with the tank cars pumping at a rate of 500 gallons a minute.

To keep in top shape for their dangerous job, the railroad firemen go through periodic drills just as municipal firemen do. Skilled in all types of firefighting, rather than



Using chemical spray mixed with water, the RR firefighters douse the burning boxcar with an icing (above). Two men in asbestos suits have moved up for some dangerous work.

Once the fire has been extinguished, the firemen must retrieve their equipment lying about the burned-out hulks of boxcars (rd). The hoses will be washed when the car returns to its base in Albany.



FIRE ON THE RAILS

just handling railroad emergencies, they are frequently called in by local departments to help quell a city blaze. This would naturally be done only when the flames can be reached by the fire train's equipment.

The miles of track within a railroad yard, and the number of cars and engines there, make slow going inevitable on most routine assignments. However, there is nothing routine about a fire. Each one has its special character and poses its own problems. The one thing they all have in

common is a need for urgent action. This is recognized by yard personnel and top priority is given to the needs of the railroad firemen. For them, it's always open track when they are on their way to put out a blaze. And well it is, for the cost of a railroad fire, if it is permitted to get out of control, can be astronomical.

Two men in asbestos suits have reached the boxcar blaze (l.). Volunteers, like the rest of the firefighters, have other assignments, too.



BROADWAY

TEMPO



Now, it's Peggy King claiming "they hadn't oughta done that." The bouncy little singer's contract with George Gobel expired and she's been written out of his new TV show. Ditto for Jeff Donnell who played wife Alice. Jeff will show up for an occasional guest shot, though . . . Much relief in jazz circles. For a while it was feared that an accident to his hand would put Erroll Garner (L.) out of action permanently, but the great pianist's lat-

est Columbia album *A Concert By The Sea* has him swinging away as merrily as ever . . . Despite her reputation as a not-so-bright blonde, we're convinced that Jayne Mansfield's non-stop publicizing of *J. M.* is the main thing that kept *Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?* on the boards. Now that Jayne has gone to the Coast to make a film, *Rock* will have to chug along on its own steam . . . We like that title of Eartha Kitt's autobiography, *Thursday's Child*. Comes from the old rhyme "Thursday's child has far to go." Since Eartha began life picking cotton in S.C. we'd say she's come quite a distance already . . . Did you miss *Life With Father* when it was around as a play and a movie? If so, you'll get another crack at it when Rodgers & Hammerstein bring it out as a musical.

Born To Dance



Sex is Jeanmaire's own special province. She can put it over with a wag of her head or the delicate rhythms of the dance



THE French have a word for it and the word is "gamin." The Mademoiselle who personifies the word to millions who have watched her sinuous body grace the ballet stage and the movie screen all over the world is Jeanmaire. When she first appeared in this country, dancing the role of Carmen in Les Ballets De Paris version of the classic, one astounded and somewhat hardened Broadway critic reported: "This girl has more sex in her little finger than most of Hollywood's sirens manage in their whole careers."

Jeanmaire, or "Zizi" as she is known to friends, began as a dancer at nine. The daughter of a well-to-do manufacturer, her one passion in life was to dance. Her dedication to terpsichore was fervently stated by Jeanmaire herself when





Born To Dance

she told an interviewer, "I dance ten hours a day; then I sleep." This formula has paid big dividends.

The rugged apprenticeship she put in on the classical ballet stage has stood her in good stead in the more popular field of the musical, on the stage and the screen. Several seasons ago she captivated New York with her pixie performance in *The Girl In The Pink Tights*, playing the title role to perfection. And it was not her dancing alone that drew raves. It was the warm and vibrant personality which glowed across the footlights and made audiences feel that a little bit of the Parisian springtime was theirs for just an evening.

After her success in the musical, Jeanmaire was persuaded to go to Hollywood to appear in *Anything Goes*. Some cynics were of the opinion that Zizi's charms would be lost on the screen, but they were dead wrong. Her bounce and seemingly endless supply of energy



Jeanmaire looks on as choreographer husband Roland Petit holds the couple's infant (top). Zizi was back at work soon after baby's birth.

Girl In The Pink Tights wowed New York, gave Zizi a chance to act as well as dance (above r.). Co-star was baritone, David Atkinson.

Fabriz Bergère finds Zizi cavorting with true-to-life American in Paris, ex-G.I. Eddie Constantine, now one of Paris' favorite dancing stars.



MAKES A COMEBACK

IT WAS JUST ANOTHER NIGHT in New York to veteran patrolman John Hart as he trudged along his East Side beat. Dawn was about to break over the sleeping city. Except for a distant foghorn moaning on the river, Mulberry Street was shrouded in silence. Suddenly Hart spotted a figure sprawled in the gutter. Probably a drunk, he thought. Then he noticed the pool of blood and the ugly bullet hole. It was Abe Telvi, said by the FBI to be the hired acid-thrower in the Victor Riesel attack, who had tried to extort more money from his "boss." Grimly, the patrolman realized that once again the underworld had struck down one of its own.

Only a few hours later, the bodies of two more hoods were found in a car five blocks away. James Rocereto and Michael Langone had been hacked to death and stuffed into canvas bags.

And the grisly harvest was not over. Before the month was out, gangland vendettas had taken the lives of five more punks. Another had mysteriously disappeared. Some surmised that he had been given a cement handicap in an East River swimming meet. As the ventilated bodies be-

Well-dressed man, possible victim of gangland wars, slumps behind wheel as detective uses fingerprint camera. Case is unsolved.





Born To Dance

made her the perfect foil in contrast to Bing Crosby's relaxed suavity.

The picture was a big hit and it encouraged Jeanmaire to go back to her native France and make another musical. Just completed and soon to be released in this country, *Poésies Bergère* will co-star Eddie Constantine and the city that is close to Jeanmaire's heart—Paris.

No matter what role Jeanmaire takes on, she always insists on acting herself. She has a way of making the simplest gesture a provoking and sensuous one. And she has a typically offbeat French sense of humor to go with her twinkling toes and enchantingly gay smile.

There is perhaps no other performer today who so thoroughly enjoys herself, and it doesn't take long for the audience to catch on.

Typical Galfic shrug is made part of the dance by lovely Jeanmaire.



"Don't Tread On Me"

MOST SOPHISTICATED ACTRESS we know of is a 73-year-old veteran of 150 motion pictures and thousands of personal appearances. Weighing in at a trim five tons, Big Babe has made a career of stepping on the noses of her various admirers (above). Her expression slightly be-



Unable to see her "victim" during most of the act, Big Babe must rely on the guidance of Gene Holter. In the sequence, above, she approaches the prostrate volunteer and is carefully led over her. The moment of greatest danger occurs when the back feet pass over the body. The elephant must be reminded to step high.

"Don't Tread On Me"

mused, she seems only to wonder what they get out of it. Her own compensation is clearly defined. She gets room and board with the Gene Holter Wild Animal Show plus extra peanuts on Saturday. The girls she steps over get a few dollars and something to tell their friends about.

Gene Holter is a former movie cowboy and the owner of an animal farm at Anaheim, California. Here he boards and trains most of the larger animals used in Hollywood pictures. Some years ago, wanting to expand his activities, he put together his Wild Animal Show with Big Babe as featured performer. The pictures on these pages were taken at Long Island's Islip Speedway, where the show was then appearing.



The girls who help Big Babe out in her act are volunteers who come from the audience. Each is paid five dollars by Gene Holter. They earn it. Yet, despite a perfect safety record up to now, danger lurks. All it would take, after all, is one slip, one sudden shifting of the elephant's weight, and some girl's pretty face would flatten out like a pancake. This possibility—remote as it is—would seem to have as much to do with attracting volunteers as does the five dollars. Anything for a thrill, in other words.

Sometimes, I am a little puzzled myself," Gene Holter confesses. "However, wouldn't you say it is very much like some of the other things people do? Look at speed racing, Russian roulette, wrestling with alligators. Isn't there a similarity?"

Maybe, but from Big Babe—no comment.

TEMPO looks

The Interior Department is likely to be called on the carpet by a House subcommittee headed by Rep. Earle Chudoff (D.—Pa.). The committee will charge that Interior refused to sell power to the town of Roseville, Calif., yet is selling plenty of power to the Pacific Gas & Electric Co.—a private power outfit!

Watch for North Carolina to take the limelight away from Illinois in state embezzlement scandals. One of the biggest swindles in N.C. history involves a State Senator also a construction company owner. It seems the secretary-treasurer of the firm, skipped out to Mexico City with an estimated \$165,000. Although the man returned and is trying to arrange a deal on repayment, the Senator is still covering up the story.

Ethiopia, Somaliland, Eritrea and other Egyptian neighbors are being softened up by Dictator Nasser's agents. This process will be followed up by Egyptian annexation or the establishment of puppet governments favorable to Nasser.

Voters can expect to be hammered with the phrase, "EISENHOWER AND NIXON" from now until poll-time. GOP campaign director Robert Humphreys has ordered use of the phrase,

ahead . . .

hoping some of Ike's popularity will rub off on Nixon.

Farmers will receive some unexpected money between now and November. Agriculture Sec. Benson is hurriedly mailing thousands of government checks in an effort to bolster farm economy before the farmers go to the polls. Some will get as much as \$450 for taking land out of production. Others will get subsidy checks and federal gas tax refunds in a last minute effort to win votes for the GOP.

Look for Ambassador Clare Boothe Luce to resign prior to the election. She is not as popular in Italy as she was before the alleged poisoning incident. Also, she figures that if she comes home now, she can personally lobby for a choice post in the Eisenhower cabinet.

Crossword Answer



Picture Credits—Wide World, pp. 4, 6, 8, International News Photos, pp. 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 18-22, 24, 36-39, Earl Leger (Globe), pp. 10-13, Wellinger, p. 17, European, p. 24, Earl Leaf (Kelpia), pp. 28, 31, Sutton and DeLong (France), pp. 32-35, Sam Wu, p. 40, Orlando (2 Lines), pp. 36-38, Gammie, pp. 36-39, Graphic House, pp. 41-43, Front Cover: Sutton and DeLong (France), Back Cover: Gammie, Inside Covers: European.

QUOTES OF THE WEEK...

“ Author P. G. Wodehouse: “Shakespeare’s stuff is different from mine, but that is not necessarily to say that it is inferior. There are passages in Shakespeare to which I would have been quite pleased to put my name.”

Actress Rossana Rossy: “I’ve only a 37-inch bust, so nobody believes I’m Italian.”

Konrad Adenauer: “In my next cabinet there will be a few women. I have found they are easier to handle.”

Model Yvonne Howard, after winning a medal for posing in the nude: “I could stick it on with tape, but that might look too dressy.”

Juan Peron: “A man in my situation cannot say where he is going or what he is going to do.”

Actress Diana Dors: “Maybe whoever suggested I ought to take a suit of armor to Hollywood with me had the right idea.”

Grandma Moses, on her ninety-sixth birthday: “I think I have two dozen children. Maybe it’s twenty-five. No, none of the girls was named after me. Would you start a baby girl out with the name ‘Grandma?’ ”

Elvis Presley: “I never bump or grind. Why, that’s vulgar. I’d never do something that was vulgar before a young audience. My mother would never allow it.”

British TV star, Sabrina: “Producers are always after me to accept a speaking role in a play or movie. How ridiculous. On television, I simply walk about and let people look at me. They seem to enjoy it. How do I know they would like to hear me, too. Why it might destroy some kind of illusion or something. I don’t want to be the cause of anyone coming down with a neurosis.” (Opp. p.) ”





She got where she is by
keeping her mouth shut.



TEMPO

On her toes or off them, she's never lost her balance. See story in this issue.



Vincent Macri, onetime gunman for Murder, Inc. (l.), ended up as the victim of former "friends." His corpse was discovered in the trunk of his own car. Police (r.) examine remains for possible clues. Macri's brother vanished on the murder day and is still missing.

"Dangerous Meyer" Dembin, sought by FBI for 16 years on robbery charges, was garroted by unknown assailant in a gangland vendetta.



Death car for Michael Langone and James Rocereto, who were hacked to death and then stuffed into bags.

VIOLENCE . . .

7

gan piling up, headline-happy newsmen quickly dubbed the area "Murder Mile."

It was one of the bloodiest periods in New York's gory history of crime. Police officials tallied up the 16 unsolved premeditated murders during the first part of this year — and recalled Prohibition Days when gang warfare exploded in the streets with terrifying frequency. They recalled Chicago's St. Valentine's Day Massacre in 1929 when six mobsters were mowed down by the guns of a rival gang. They knew that the hail of bullets that cut down the legendary Jack

"Legs" Diamond represented a gangland attack on his position as crime czar of New York during the thirties.

Statistics show that the parallel is a close one. In one 12-month period during 1929 and 1930, there were 51 unsolved gang-style slayings, many of them attributed to the notorious Murder, Inc. New York police data indicates 49 murders in 1954 and a like number last year — all of them unsolved.

One of the most widely publicized of these involved Serge Rubinstein, the fabulously wealthy playboy who was strangled in his sumptuous Fifth Avenue home. It was suspected that the World War II draft dodger had jeopardized his own safety as a result of completing several complicated financial deals.

Also reminiscent of the Murder, Inc. type of liquidation was the violent demise of "Dangerous Meyer" Dembin, once listed on the FBI's "Top Ten" parade of most wanted criminals. After 16 years of flight from bank robbery and other charges, Dembin was garroted by unknown hands.

Equally ironic was the end of Vincent Macri, an able gunman and a Murder, Inc. alumnus. His corpse was crammed into the trunk of his own car. His brother Benedetto disappeared the same day, without a trace.

The unfortunates who get the mobsters' sendoff are not





Serge Rubinstein, multi-millionaire draft-dodger, on the town with two unidentified lovelies at one of his favorite hangouts, fashionable LaRue's, where he spent his last night on earth. Serge (opp.) leaves Fifth Avenue apartment for the last time.

VIOLENCE...

always bona fide members of the underworld. John Vocale, who kept a "business appointment" that turned out to be fatal, was a Forest Hills used-car dealer. Dr. Jesus de Galindez, who disappeared after he had objected rather strenuously to the government of the Dominican Republic, was renowned as a scholar.

But, generally, there appears to be a connection. Consider such victims as Roy McGregor, a Harlem policy racketeer, who unwisely accepted an invitation to go for a ride, and Mariano Dellechia, who was celebrating his ninth day out of Dannemora when he met a grisly end.

In many cases, the killings suggest that the victim had information which could be dangerous if circulated. Perhaps for this reason the ultimate silence was applied to robbery suspect, Salvatore LaScala, just before his trial came up. A small-time tough named Fred Mischner never had a chance to spill anything because he ran into four bullets in an East Side hallway.

It has been estimated that nearly 5,000 people lost their lives during the Prohibition era from a variety of causes,



ranging from the guns of Murder, Inc., to consumption of bad whiskey. Although current gangland mortality data fails to approximate that total, it is nonetheless appalling, by present standards of law and order.

During the months ahead, many will be watching developments in America's metropolitan areas to see if the clock has really been turned back to the black and bloody days of Prohibition and Murder, Inc.

Jack "Legs" Diamond, erstwhile crime czar of New York during Thrilling Thirties, finally fell under inevitable gangland retribution.

